

The Mirror

OF

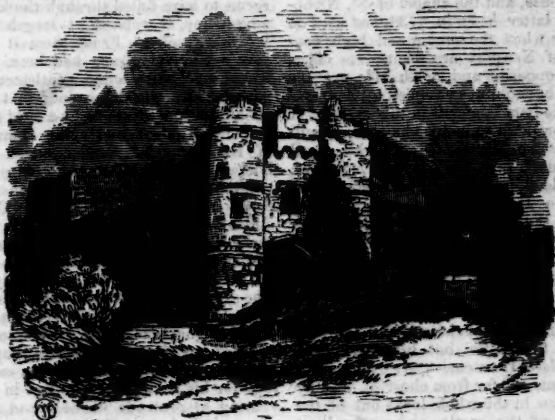
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 16.]

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CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

History and romance combine to render Carisbrooke Castle an object of the deepest interest. It occupies a position as bold and conspicuous in history, as to the eye its situation is prominent and commanding. It is the only ancient fortress that was ever erected in the island, bears marks of considerable antiquity, and, judging from its foundation and form, was most probably erected anterior to the Conquest. Time and whim have so frequently removed and repaired other portions of the castle, that the antiquary may find himself provokingly baffled in any attempt to assign a feasible date to their erection. The gate of entrance, however, which is extremely handsome, is supposed to have been built in the reign of Henry IV.—the arms of Woodville, chiselled in the front, imparting some cogency to that conjecture. Lhuyd says, there was a city here called Caerbroc,—the city of yew trees. Dr. Stukeley assigns its erection to the emperor Carausius. Roman coins of the time of Tiberius Cæsar and Germanicus have been dug up, to the north of the castle. The Saxon annals of 530 give an account of the siege of the castle, and its capture, by Cerdic. There are traces of Saxon handiwork in the appearance of part of the wall of the base court.

The walls of the Norman fortress, in—
PRICE 2d.

cluding the keep, which is probably more ancient, inclose about an acre and a half of ground, approaching in form to a rectangular parallelogram, with the angles rounded; these angles seem to have been rebuilt when the works were enlarged by Elizabeth, when the fortress included about twenty acres. The keep occupies the summit of an artificial mound, between fifty and sixty feet high, situated near the north-west angle of the walls; this, as well as the walls, was defended by a surrounding fosse. A flight of seventy-two steps leads up the mound to the entrance, which was anciently defended by a strong double gate and portcullis, near which is a well. No part of the palace of the lords of the island—whose residence was here, until the seizure of it by Edward I.—is now in being. The upper apartments are wholly destroyed; though a small decayed staircase yet remains, which led to the platform at the summit of the keep, from the ruined walls of which is a very extensive and beautiful prospect, including great part of the island, together with parts of the New Forest, and the Portsdown hills. On this spot the royal standard is displayed on joyful occasions, or when the governor resides in the castle. At the bottom of the mound was a sally-port, defended by a bastion; but neither was strong enough to defend itself against the assaults of time

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which, by the conquering force of silent but certain artillery, has made dust of both.

Entering on the west side, by Lord Woodville's gate, you will discover another gate, more ancient, which, with its wicket of lattice-work, made of oak, and covered with bars of iron, open into the inner area, where are seen the ruins of a guard-house, and the chapel of St. Nicholas, the latter built in 1738, and used on occasions when the mayor and high constables of Newport are sworn into office. On the opposite and north side are the ruins of the buildings occupied by Charles I during his imprisonment in this castle. A small room, said to be his chamber, is still shown. "The extensive outworks, faced with stone," says Sir Henry Englefield, "were added in the reign of queen Elizabeth, who thus prepared a prison for Charles, the history of whose detention here is well known. It seems that the apartments inhabited by him are now in a state of ruin; and so transient is tradition, that it is not certainly known out of which of the windows he attempted his escape. The governor of the island has his residence in the castle; but his apartments, though tolerably extensive, are by no means magnificent, and far from cheerful, as only one window in the whole looks out of the enclosure of the castle, or has the least enjoyment of the beautiful view it commands." The general appearance of the fortress is strikingly picturesque. Its mouldering walls richly mantled with ivy, the keep rising proudly above the rest of the buildings, and the elegant gate, make it an object of very considerable beauty, and, as such, it has exercised the pencils of numerous artists.

Isabella de Fortibus resided here in great state and dignity; and her charter to Newport is dated from this place. Here also the will of Philippa, Duchess of York, who died in the 9th of Henry VI, was opened, in which she styles herself Lady of the Isle of Wight. The adventitious lustre reflected on this fortress, from its having been the scene of the imprisonment of Charles I, has already been intimated; and there are yet some further circumstances, says a writer in the Beauties of England and Wales, relating to his confinement here that require detail. Among the books that served for the amusement of his lonely hours, were Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Tasso's Jerusalem, and Spenser's Fairie Queen: these, with the Sacred Scriptures, and some works on religious subjects, formed the whole of his library. Stated hours were set apart for devotion and writing; and his *Suspiria Regalia*, the manuscript of which was found among his books, is thought to have been composed during his captivity. His mornings in the early

part of his confinement were generally employed in walking on the rampart; and many persons obtained access to him at these times, under pretence of being touched for the king's evil. The subsequent rigour of his imprisonment may be attributed to the attempts made to effect his rescue. The second attempt, and which seems to have failed through the king's inadvertency, is related at length in Herbert's Memoirs. From them it appears that a correspondence had been secretly commenced with some gentlemen of the island, and it was determined that Charles should let himself down by a cord from his chamber-window, and again from the top of the ramparts; under which a swift horse, with a guide, were to be placed in readiness, to convey him to a vessel purposely stationed at the sea-side. The chief difficulty in the scheme was the narrow space between the bars; but Charles affirmed that he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but that it was sufficiently large. The preparations were therefore completed, the hour of enterprise was come, the concerted signal was given, and Charles attempted to force himself through the window; but though he found an easy passage for his head, he stuck fast in endeavouring to protrude his neck and shoulders, and for some time he could neither advance nor retreat. His groans were heard by his friends below; but nothing could be done to relieve him. At length, by repeated efforts, he forced himself back, and immediately placed a candle in the window, as an intimation that the design was frustrated. As the attempt was not discovered at the time, it was again resolved to have recourse to the same means, and files and aquafortis were conveyed to the king from London, for the purpose of removing the impediments that had before obstructed his escape. Some intelligence, however, had been received by Hammond, which occasioned a more strict degree of watchfulness, and Major Rolfe, by pretending to be in the king's interest, obtained the confidence of some of the persons concerned, and, of course, was made acquainted with the plan. The night was, however, fixed; and Charles was getting through the window, when perceiving more persons beneath it than he expected, he drew back, and retired to bed. Soon afterwards the governor entered the chamber, and Charles found that the scheme had miscarried. The gentlemen who had been concerned escaped with some difficulty; and Charles himself appears to have been in great danger, as Major Rolfe exhibited a charged pistol, declaring that he had resolved to shoot the king with it as he descended from the window.

In the year 1648, the House of Commons

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determined to revive their negotiations with the captive monarch: a new treaty was proposed, and the town of Newport appointed as the place of arbitration. The king was to enjoy the same state of freedom as when at Hampton Court. After two months occupied with fruitless deliberations, Fairfax resolved to seize the king. Colonel Ewes was despatched to the island for that purpose. On the evening of the 29th November, the king received intimation, through a person in disguise, that the army intended to seize him at night. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cooke, in the king's interest, were made acquainted with this intelligence, and the colonel waited upon Major Rolfe, who denied all knowledge of such an intent, saying, "You may assure the king from me, that he may rest quietly this night, for on my life he shall have no disturbance this night." The colonel observed that Rolfe laid great stress on the words *this night*, and questioned him further; but he still denied all knowledge of the intentions of the Parliament. In the evening about 2,000 troops landed on the island. The weather was very tempestuous, and perceiving the soldiers drawn up round the castle, Charles exclaimed, "Surely there must be some very extraordinary business in hand, that can cause such a body of men to be so recently landed, and in so bitter a night as this, exposed to the extremity of the weather." The Duke of Richmond, Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cooke, entreated him to attempt his escape. "Suppose," said the latter, "I should not only tell your majesty that the army mean suddenly to seize upon your person, but, by concurring circumstances, should fully convince you of it;—supposing also that, besides the pass-word, I have horses ready at hand, a vessel attending me and hourly expecting me at Cowes, myself both ready and desirous of serving your majesty; and the darkness of the night, as it were, suiting to the purpose, so that I can perceive no visible difficulty in the thing;—the only remaining question is, what will your majesty resolve to do?" The king, it is said, replied, "They have promised me, and I have promised them: I will not break first." He was seized that very night, and beheaded seven weeks afterwards.

The traveller will, of course, pay eager visit to King Charles's Window. The well-house and the donkey must not be lost sight of; the latter is a very intelligent quadruped, and not only amusing but useful. The well is in the castle-yard, is 300 feet deep, and supposed to have been constructed by the Romans. The guide throws in water, the splash of which at the bottom is not heard for five seconds; the ass performs the part of windlass in

drawing up the bucket. A lighted lamp being sunk and allowed to float upon the surface of the water, conveys a pretty accurate idea of the depth of this well.

APROPOS OF TOBACCO.

BY AN OLD SMOKEE.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" was the pious ejaculation of our worthy and inimitable friend Sancho Panza, and we, not denying the advantages, pleasures, and delights of slumber, change the subject-matter, and exclaim, "Blessed be the man who discovered tobacco!" Yes! blessed be the man who first rescued this precious weed from obscurity, and brought it into general estimation. For what has been more useful to mankind? what more beneficial? Its virtues are manifold; their name is legion. Truly the Indians proved their wisdom by making the pipe the symbol of peace, for what more soothing? what more consolatory? To all men it proves of service, from royalty to the bone-picker. The philosopher over his pipe and coffee (excellent berry, rare weed!) reasons and speculates with a freshness and vigour which encourage him in his labours. And if invention consist, as Condilliac will have it, in combining in a new manner ideas received through the senses, when are they received with such force, clearness, and energy as when under the inspiration of the Virginian weed? The historian, whose province it is to study facts, events, manners, the spirit of epochs, can certainly not do justice to his subject if he be not an adept in blowing a cloud.

The romancist, who differs only from the historian in that he embodies brief spaces and not centuries, families and not races, he, too, must love his meerschaum or his cheroot. Leaning back leisurely upon his sofa, if he have one, and puffing his amber mouth-piece, ideas, thoughts, feelings, rush in rapid succession upon the mind prepared for kindly and soothing emotions. In the curling wreaths of vapour which ambiently play around him he discovers lovely and exquisite images; amid the shadowy pulsations which throb in the atmosphere, he sees the fair and exquisite countenance of woman, faint, perhaps, as the shade cast by the Aphrodisian star, but yet visible to his eye. The aromatic leaf is the *matériel* of his incantations. Yea, there is magic in the cigar.

Then, to the sailor, on the wide and tossing ocean, what consolation is there save in his old pipe? While smoking his inch and a half of clay, black and polished, his Susan or his Mary becomes manifest before him; he sees her, holds converse with

her spirit. In the red glare from the ebony bowl, as he walks the deck at night, or squats on the windlass, are reflected the bright sparkling eyes of his sweetheart. Its association of ideas is the principal tie to him, save and except the tie of his wig. It reminds him of the delights of Paddy's Goose and Wapping; it brings him to the end of his voyage, when the perils of the sea are to be forgotten in taking the size of pots of ale. But there is no end to the list of those to whom tobacco is a charmed thing. The Irish fruit-woman, the Jarvie without a fare, the policeman on a quiet beat, the soldier at ease, all bow to the mystic power of tobacco, and none more than ourself. What it is they know not, nor do they care. It may be cabbage-leaves for aught they concern themselves. They do not reflect upon the millions which the luxury keeps employed in producing, rearing, preparing, transporting, and vending. It may come from the moon, just as well as from Tobago or Virginia.

But then, too, it is medicinal. How many times, in the swamps of the far West, have I escaped malaria, yellow fever, ague, perhaps death, by an unsparing use of the weed; and yet, doubtless, ere long some new Father Mathew will open a crusade against the article. We opine, however, that the *vapourings* of the anti-tobacco-ites would turn out a *bottle of smoke*. The worst we wish them is, that they may meet the fate of the love-sick Chinese student, who, in absence of mind, sat down in the bowl of his pipe, and inhaling himself, vanished in thin air; at all events, so says the author of that delightful and witty book ycleped "The Porcelain Tower." Our ancestors were wiser than to start such Don Quixote theories. Observe the seriousness with which an ancient writer, chronicling Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, describes the weed:—"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc; in the West Indies it hath divers names, according to the several places and countreys where it groweth and is used: the Spaniards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being dried, and brought into powder, they use to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomache and head; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame, and openeth all the pores of the body: whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases wherewithal we in England are oftentimes afflicted. This Uppowoc is of so precious estimation amongst them, that they thinke their gods are marvellously delighted therewith: whereupon some time they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for a sacrifice: being

in a storm upon the waters, to pacify their gods, they cast some up into the air, and into the water: to a weare for fish being newly set up, they cast some therein, and into the aire: also after an escape of danger, they cast some into the aire likewise: but all done with strange gestures, stamping some time, dancing, clapping of hands, holding up hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering there-withal, and chattering strange words and noises. We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to sucke it after their manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiments of the virtues thereof: of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe: the use of it by so many of late, *men and women* of great calling, as els and some learned physicians also, is sufficient witness."

So says Mr. Thomas Hariot, and we think him a smart man. King James was of a different opinion. In these days of tobacco, the following gives a very high opinion of the author's simplicity:—

"The Floridians, when they travell, have a kind of herbe dried, who with a cane and an earthen cup in the end with fire, and the dried herbe put together, doe sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drinke, and this is all the Frenchmen used for this purpose."

It was in the West Indies, or Antilles, that the Spaniards first discovered tobacco. The word itself, now adopted by all European nations, is of Haytian origin. St. Domingo has the honour of giving the plant its most wide-spread appellation. The ancient Mexicans called it *yell*, the Peruvians *sayri*. In both countries the aborigines smoked and took snuff. At the court of Montzeuma, the nobility made use of tobacco smoke as a narcotic, not only after dinner, to induce a siesta, but in order to sleep after breakfast, as is still done in certain divisions of America. The dry leaves of the *yell* were rolled into *cigares*, and afterwards inserted in tubes of silver, wood, or reed; often *liquidambar styraciflua* gum and other aromatics were intermingled. The tube was held in one hand, while with the other the nostrils were stopped, in order the more easily to swallow the smoke. Though the *Picietl* (*nicotiana tabacum*) was extensively cultivated in ancient Anahuac, persons only in easy circumstances made use of it; and until of late the Mexican Indians, descendants of the old Aztec population, did not contract the habit. The townspeople, however, of the ancient city of the Montezumas took it as a remedy against the toothache, colds in the head, and colics. The Caribbees used it as an antidote against poison. In

its varieties of canaster, shag, returns, pig-tail, plug, cigar, cheroots, prince's mixture, rappee, Irish blackguard, &c., its present uses are sufficiently well known.

P. B. SR. J.

WITCHCRAFT FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

[This admirable article is from the *Athenæum*, the consistent exposé of imposture.]

As the name of the writer has been forwarded to us, we have consented to insert the following letter—though with much hesitation. We have no idea of opening our columns, on the plea of fairness, to the defence of preposterous quackery—or admitting the abuse of the honest rule of *audi alteram partem*, in one of those exceptional cases where two sides there cannot be, and the folly is so gross as inevitably to expose itself:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *ATHENÆUM*.

"Sir—Seeing in your valuable paper a most unjust attack, signed F., on Mdlle. Julie Bouroullec, a young French lady, an acquaintance of mine, and a person for whom I entertain a sincere respect and true sense of gratitude, I beg you will allow me to offer a few words on the subject. During a severe illness, last year, Mdlle. Julie attended me with unerring skill and patience; and I only regret that it is not in my power to beg of you to publish my case, with my name, and thus prove to her and others, that I am willing publicly to bear witness both to her judicious treatment of me, and to her entire sincerity. F.'s attack on a lady and a foreigner is, to say the least, both unwarrantable and ungentlemanlike; and if the rest of his statement be as far from the truth as his description of the lady herself, it is not worthy of further notice. My opportunities of experience of Mdlle. Julie's sincerity are certainly less limited than F.'s: whilst he paid her two visits, I was occupied with her for three hours a day, for twenty-six days successively, during which time she attended my maid, and her sister-in-law, besides myself, when all three were labouring under very severe inflammatory complaints, with perfect success. I am proud to avow it: I belong to the class F. is pleased to attack; and I believe, though a lady and an aristocrat, I may yet be deemed capable of making good use of both senses and understanding. At all events, I am happy here, as I shall be elsewhere, to bear my testimony to the respectability, the gentle and lady-like deportment, as well as to the entire truthfulness of Mdlle. Julie's character; and I trust it may please God, through her means, to send to others, when needed,

that same merciful alleviation from suffering which, under his providential goodness, I so bountifully received.—I have the honour to be, sir, an uncommon lover of justice, and a well-wisher to the cause of truth, C. C. B."

Now what we desire to know, has C. C. B. done, in this communication of hers, more than confirm our correspondent F.? His complaint was, that, in those ranks which are the favoured of fortune and opportunity, there are to be found persons on whose want of education, in any rational sense of the word, imposture so palpable as that of Mademoiselle Julie yet finds it easy to trade; and the writer of this letter has been kind enough to furnish us with an instance. It is lamentable to say that the contents of that letter would, of themselves, have assigned its writer's place among the class whom our correspondent was "pleased to attack"—or, in the one lying at the opposite social extreme, whose ignorance has all the excuses which that of the former wants. Most of the varieties graduating between these two have either learnt, now-a-days, that their intellect is a precious possession—a jewel of price whose loss or deterioration they will not risk, at mental masquings and fancy-balls—or have been, fortunately, too much engaged to go through that long course of fantastic training and laborious idleness proper to let down the mind to the level of the coteries of which a letter like this and the facts it reveals are characteristic expressions.

But we had one very reasonable and *primâ facie* objection to the publication of this lady's letter—which we will submit to herself. She is, it will be seen, what old Ben described more than two centuries since, "a special gentle,"—who desires not to be "ungrateful;" and, therefore, regrets that she is not at liberty to publish her case with her name! Now here, the logic of gratitude seems to us defective. It is another curious peculiarity of the class to which this lady belongs, how much its gratitude is ashamed to show its face. The debt is ostentatiously admitted,—and the lady would be glad to pay it out of our funds. How is it that what her united faith and gratitude cannot obtain from herself she has yet hoped to extort from our disbelief and scorn? When she shrinks from appearing personally in such a cause, does she overlook the fact that the *Athenæum* has a character, too—whose maintenance depends on its keeping so far aloof from all these aberrations of the diseased intellect as may consist with the necessity of denouncing them. However, we accept the lady's reluctance to testify in person as a sign of grace; but then, it is a very significant comment upon the tes-

timony itself. The zeal of the argument is made questionable by the caution that declines to avow it; and, accordingly, there should have been no place for the letter of C.C.B. in the *Athenæum*.

But we have another word to say to the writer of this letter. Because we denounce imposture, as is our duty and our very strong inclination, the lady retorts with the no-argument — "ungentlemanlike treatment of females and foreigners." We have yet to learn that the fact of being a foreigner conveys the privilege of imposture. The old cry of "alien," raised for the persecution of the class was not more absurd than is the plea of their alienship urged as a protection against well-merited chastisement. Literary fraud and moral jugglery alike it is our office to expose wherever we find them; and they little know us who suppose that we will be turned from its discharge by the jargon of cant. We are as fully alive—and so, we dare say, is our correspondent—as C.C.B. herself to the beauty of that chivalry which makes weakness, in any form, a claim to protection—and habitually embodies the word, to some extent, in the names of the woman and the stranger; but we do not understand its generous distinctions to extend to cases of immorality. The moral privilege, like certain civil ones, is in our view forfeited by dishonesty. To offer, then, this conventional weakness as in itself an *answer* to such imputations is monstrous. Wherever we see the dishonesty of one mind preying upon the weakness of another, we will report both the dishonesty and the weakness—regardless that either, or each, may have taken refuge in the person of an alien or of a woman. Of Mdle. Julie's manners, be it observed, we know nothing—and are willing, therefore, to accept C.C.B.'s testimony to their gentleness; and of her character we know nothing save what we infer of it from her pretences,—and that inference requires that we should reject C.C.B.'s testimony as to its "truthfulness." We have no doubt of the conjuror's patient and unremitting attendance upon her aristocratic client—for this is a part, the lawful part, of her conjurations; and no doubt of the cure—because we have known persons to recover from inflammatory complaints whom Mdle. Julie did not attend. But, as regards the substantive question, does C.C.B. really suppose that her testimony to the wonder-working skill of the "young French lady" can be worth the sheet of paper which we are now wasting on these words of comment:—the testimony of one ignorant of the very elements of a science that yields its secrets reluctantly even to long and intelligent study, and is incumbent by problems that the finest and most matured minds, espe-

cially devoted to the subject, have failed to solve? All these mysteries Mdle. Julie is supposed to see into by inspiration,—as the clairvoyant has a distinct view into the heart of a mill-stone: and C. C. B. is to pronounce on the assumption a judgment formed without access to any of the data. But if the data were present, the witnesses before her—suppose her even to have had some acquaintance with the scientific facts—she is manifestly—like too many of the class to which she belongs, as we have already reluctantly said—ignorant of the simple rudiments of that logic by which evidence is to be weighed and valued, and truth extracted. The mere belief in the popularity of such knowledge as this—in its attainability by means different, on any conditions less strict, than those govern the acquisition of other knowledge, is proof, at once *primâ facie* and conclusive, of incapacity to entertain the question. Here, now, is a lady who would shrink, doubtless, from questioning the judgment of Herschel in matters of astronomy, of De Morgan in pure mathematics, or of Faraday in chemistry:—and yet it is quite obvious that she would not hesitate to offer an opinion, before the whole College of Physicians, on matters pertaining to a science of which she probably knows something less than she does of any one of the other three! In conclusion, and seriously—if such a subject can deserve one serious word—we offer our opinion to C. C. B., in return for hers, that a "Face" a "Subtle," or—to save our gentility—a "Mistress Dorothy" there has never been, and will never be; but "Druggers" and "gentle Dapples" have abounded, and, under fitting patronage, will continue to abound. Be it so, since it must be so. But let us have fair play; one,—one dispensation for all! Henceforth, let us drop "Doll Commons," and have only "Doll Propers" and "Doll Singulars:"—and no more humorous rogues be sent to the treadmill for "cozening with a hollow coll," while Mademoiselle Julie levies tribute on the queen's lieges, and C. C. B., "an aristocrat," at once pays it and proclaims its lawfulness.

THE EUTAW VILLAGE.

[From *The Trapper's Bride*.]

The scene which opened itself before the eyes of the two wayfarers was truly sublime and magnificent; a rare assemblage of the mightier elements with the more gentle features of landscape. They were, we have said, on the very verge of a mighty precipice; a yawning chasm lay beneath their feet, the depths of which their startled eyes refused at first to grasp, while the

brain grew dizzy in the contemplation. But we must be more minute, and strive, if possible, to paint the most unequalled scene that presents itself to the admiring eye of the traveller on the whole American continent; a scene worthy of the pencil of the greatest master of the art which Raphael and Angelo have rendered immortal, or of that land yeclaped Switzer, where sublimity of landscape exists at every step, but where the vast immensity of the American wilderness is wanting.

Decked in a garniture of perpetual frost, white with chilling snows that, eternal as the mountain on which they lie, crumble and are ever again renewed, rose, facing the bewildered and astonished travellers, the mighty heights of Spanish Peak, distant some twenty miles, its summit alone visible; while continual ranges of hills, sinking in height as they gradually neared the valley, or rather chasm, by which the friends stood, went suddenly sheer down perpendicular, making a mighty wall of rugged stone that constituted the fourth side of the chasm.

Clothed in a black garb of pine, mingled with greener and less gloomy-tinted trees, the opposite hill-side presented almost precisely the same features as that on which the hunters stood; to the right however, a broken mass of cliffs, rocks, and stones, over which bounded the waters of a mountain torrent, presented a very different aspect. Bursting from a cleft rock, seemingly rent asunder by violence, the spring came rushing in a foamy cataract upon a stony ledge, whence, spreading and bounding in a sheet of water, two rivulets ensued from the intervention of several spurs of granite and other masses of stone, which, flowing in separate beds, rugged and rapid, were both, after leaping o'er stones and rock, after gushing through secret ways, being here lost and there found, in one place a wide shallow stream, in others a deep silver thread, finally united in a black pool, worn during ceaseless ages in the side of the mountain; overflowing this, a tumbling cataract brought the water to the edge of the great chasm, thence into falling in a sheet of vapoury spray, and forming a small lake, the exit of which was unknown, being of course subterraneous. This side was rude and grand, in magnificent contrast to that on the left of the travellers.

A gently-rising green-bosomed hill, one deep mass of soft verdure, with the tall grass waving, and, adjoining, the dark forest of fir, groves of yellow pine, and aspen, lay opposed to the rough hill we have just described. In parts a low tender grass had tempted down herds of deer and buffalo, which, dotting the lofty rolling prairie with black and grey, formed an

agreeable contrast to the grassy hue around, and rendered the whole, so thick were they, of a speckled tint. To this side the hunters were nearest, so that they could plainly discern numerous brilliant flowers decking the green with their bright colours, especially where the wild cattle

"the lang summer day
Had in their pasture eat and nipped away"

the waving grass; convolvulus and honeysuckle peeped up between the spreading boughs of the wild vine, and wild hops and mountain-flax waved their taller heads in the air.

But the object which chiefly interested the trappers was the extraordinary valley that lay beneath their feet. In appearance it was a deep hole, without any visible means of descending to its bottom. About a mile long, and half as much wide, three of its sides were perfectly perpendicular, presenting huge walls of stone to the eye; while the fourth, that over which they stood, broken and rugged, was necessarily the means of access, if any, to the vale beneath.

The surface of the valley was level and green, while beside the little lake above mentioned stood the wigwams of the Eutaws; and behind, reaching to the foot of the rocks, their fields of Indian corn and beans. The village numbered two hundred lodges and more, arranged in a semi-circle, their openings facing the water. Of the usual dome-shaped form, but of more solid make than the moving tents—earth and heavy beams composing a portion of the materials—they presented from that height the appearance of a beaver-town, save that around the wigwam swarmed men, women, and children, while numerous horses and other cattle crowded in the rear.

The Drama.

We see, by an announcement in "Hood's Magazine" for this month, that its next number, for May, is to contain an article on "The Antigone of Sophocles," as originally represented in England at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. De Quincy, the celebrated English opium-eater, has already furnished the readers of "Tait" with a dissertation on "The Antigone," as represented on the stage at Edinburgh. To recur to this month's "Hood," we have perused in it Mr. J. Jones's "Vision of Ignex de Castro," and we recommend our readers to get a sight of the magazine and do the same. The history of this celebrated beauty and victim of court intrigue, is one of the most pathetic and striking in all dramatic annals and literature.—*Theatrical Journal.*

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.—THE FUEROS.

It was market-day in Pampeluna, and he attention of the crowd which was proceeding towards the place was drawn to a placard attached to the entrance of the Gefatura, or house of the corregidor. The people at once putting down their baskets of vegetables and fruits, or the barrels of oil and butter which they bore upon their shoulders, contemplated this document so long that they seemed to be spelling it over three or four times, had there been any reason to suspect these Navarrese of the power of reading. One staring individual will attract a crowd, so will one gaping crowd be rapidly reinforced by other flocks of curious idlers. And such was the case with the assemblage in the market-place. The flux was so great, that in a little time the multitude occupied every corner of the square, and even reached to the other side of Date-street, blocking up the windows of Gongarello, the barber, who was shaving a customer, and whose operations were so much impeded by the sudden eclipse, that he was obliged to suspend them until daylight should again show itself.

Aben-Abou, known in the quarter as Gongarello, was a little brown man, of cheerful spirit, as garrulous as barbers in general, and not less intelligent and industrious than his nation in general. He was of Moorish origin, and his activity contrasted singularly with the apathy of his grave neighbours, pure Spanish blood, Christians, and descendants of Pelagus. He drove a thriving trade, to the great jealousy of his competitors, who regularly denounced him to the Inquisition once a month, either for sedition, impiety, or sorcery.

Gongarello, leaving his customer half shaven, made his way through the throng in the vicinity of his house, and without waiting to be asked, began reading aloud the red and black placard as follows:—

"Faithful burgesses of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord and master Philip III, king of Spain and the Indies, intending on the occasion of ascending the throne, to visit the Basque provinces and his good towns of Saragossa and Pampeluna, he will make his entry into this town by torch-light. All corregidores, alguazils, and familiars of the holy office are therefore ordered to make proper arrangements in their respective divisions of the town for the proper reception of the royal cortege.

(Signed) "The Governor,
"COUNT DE LEMOS."

Lower down—"The carriage of his majesty, and that of his excellency the Count de Lerma, and the officers of the court, preceded by the regiment of the Infanta, and followed by the regiment of guards, will enter by the gate of Charles V, and will follow Tacconera-street, as far as the viceroy's palace, where his majesty will alight. On the line of procession all windows must be illuminated, or ornamented with flowers, or the arms of Spain and of the Count de Lerma, the prime minister. It is unnecessary to invoke the enthusiasm of the faithful and loyal population of Pampeluna; it will readily give expression to its devoted attachment to our well-beloved sovereign. Those who may disobey this order will be reported at the Office of the Holy Inquisition by me, — JOSUE CALZEDO DE LOS TALBAES (Corregidor)."

Scarcely had Gongarello finished his reading, than the corregidor appeared for a moment on the balcony of his house, and raising his hat, adorned with a large black feather, shouted "Long live Philip III! long live Count de Lerma, his glorious minister!" The multitude echoed—a few opposition murmurs, however, proceeding from a group beneath the balcony. A burly man, whose black moustachios spoke the soldier of the old Spanish infantry, but who was no other than Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, began to cough with an air of authority, indicative of a shade of discontent.

"Let us," said he, "by all means receive our new king, the court, and above all the Count de Lerma, whose suite, they say, is greater than that of his majesty. The count don't mind expense; his people like good attendance, and will come and regale themselves at the Golden Sun."

"Aye, and they will give orders for splendid gala dresses," added Truxillo, the rich tailor, who had just come and mingled in the crowd.

"But," continued Gines Peres, "of what use are those two regiments they speak of—the guards and the regiment of the Infanta?"

"Of the Infanta?" said Truxillo, turning pale.

"Just so," said the barber, "the very corps that was here last year, and by the same token, one of the brigadiers lodged at your house, Master Truxillo. I remember him; Fidalgo d'Estremos was his name, and I often met him with your wife under his arm."

"All that he may have told you," said the tailor, evidently annoyed, "is untrue." "He never told me anything," replied Gongarello, quietly.

"It's nevertheless very true what they say," resumed the landlord, raising his voice. "A thousand annoyances result

from the march of troops through a great town, to say nothing of our having to support all who are billeted upon us."

"You must admit, however," said the barber, "you must admit that our king must have soldiers for his protection."

"No, he should not!" cried an individual with broad shoulders, thick red beard, and a savage eye. "No," said he, leaping on to a post by way of rostrum, and addressing the populace from his elevation. "No! it's against the law and our rights."

"He is right," exclaimed the landlord. Silence spread throughout the multitude, to the stoppage of twenty or thirty little conversations that were going on in different groups. Attention was directed to the new orator.

"When the late king, Philip II, under pretence of pursuing Antonio Perez, destroyed by force of arms the *Fueros* of Aragon, his only regret was that he had not done the same by those of Navarre. What he dared not to do, however, his son and successor would now attempt—but you will not suffer it, if you are Navarrese."

"We are, all."

"What say our *Fueros*? That the town shall be governed and protected by its own inhabitants, and that no armed stranger shall enter within its walls. That's the text."

"True," said the landlord, who had never read it.

"So it is," repeated the tailor.

"But," suggested Gongarelló, the barber, "the king's soldiers are not strangers."

"They are Castilians," scornfully replied the orator; "and what is there in common between the kingdom of Castile and that of Navarre? We are not like the rest of Spain;—we have never been conquered:—we gave in our adhesion, conditionally that Navarre should preserve the old *Fueros* which she then possessed."

"That's true," cried the hearers.

"And stronger and more skilful than the Arragonese, our neighbours, we will say, 'The king shall enter this town with no other guard than the citizens of Pampeluna; if not—not—!'"

"Long live Captain Juan Baptista Bal-seiro!" shouted a number of men, who appeared to know him, and who now mingled with the crowd, augmenting the confusion and tumult.

The noise in the street drew the corregidor, José Calzado, a second time to the balcony, less alarmed at the disturbance than pleased that an apparent revolt gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and eloquence, for, to say the truth, the honourable corregidor was very fond of hearing himself speak. In the Basque provinces, where he was born, he had been

chosen a member of the Cortes, and had so large a faculty for talking, that he was materially instrumental in prolonging the session. Established at present at Pampeluna, devoted to the king and the minister, he patiently awaited a superior appointment, of which the Count de Lerma had held out expectations, but which the minister had too much sagacity to bestow upon a fidelity already assured, reserving his favours for doubtful partisans who were yet to be won over. But if the Cortes orator loved to hear himself, he was cruelly disappointed in the present instance, for he had scarcely brought his lungs into play with the exordium—"Faithful Navarrese!" than he was stunned with shouts of "Down with the corregidor!"

"Long live the king and his glorious minister!" continued he, trying an appeal that he thought irresistible.

"Down with Count Lerma, down with the minister!"

"Just what I was going to say, dear fellow citizens. Listen to me, my sentiment is, 'God save our glorious monarch!'"

"Down with the king if he assails our liberties!"

"Exactly so, dear friends, if you will only hear me. Our liberty for ever!"

But again the tumultuous assembly interrupted him; every one apostrophised or reproached him, and the people, excited by Gines and Truxillo, had already torn down the proclamation, and trampled it under foot. But the war, once begun, did not terminate there. The corregidor, placed in the balcony, occupied a strong position, which rendered him invulnerable to the enemy's army; but unhappily the proximity of the vegetable market furnished the assailants with materials of warfare more injurious and effective than mere words, and they began vigorously to shower a large collection upon the head of the loyal officer. He looked about for the means of honourable retreat, when it was suddenly closed against him. Captain Juan Baptista, who had all the agility and look of a sailor, climbed to the balcony by means of the pillars which supported it, and getting behind the corregidor at the very moment when that functionary had determined to quit the field of battle, seized and lifted him over the balcony, with the view of throwing him into the street. The mob, who did not expect this *coup de theatre*, suddenly ceased their noise. The corregidor took advantage of the silence to call out—"Hear me, I beg! I am on your side! Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think with you! The *Fueros* for ever!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried the people, with one voice.

"Yes, yes—he will die for our *Fueros*,"

added the captain; and under the pretext of exhibiting him to the multitude, he raised the corregidor, and squeezed him so hard, that Josué Calzado threw up his arms in the attitude of a man taking a solemn vow.

The people cried with admiration, "Long live our worthy magistrate!"

"He will lead us himself to the governor," continued the captain. "He will speak for us. He proposes it himself."

Hearing these words, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The corregidor, carried into the street by the captain, was received with redoubled shouts by the delicious multitude. Before he could open his mouth, he was surrounded, seized by a thousand arms, and carried off in triumph. A crown of oak leaves was placed upon his brow, which still bore marks of dirt from the vegetable matter with which he had been previously saluted; and the popular cortege, led by Gines Pires, of the Golden Sun, and Master Truxillo, the tailor, proceeded to march towards the governor's palace, across the promenade of Tacconera, already decorated with flowers and foliage, and flags, bearing the arms of Spain, in honour of the entry of Philip III.

As for Captain Juan Baptista, he had disappeared, and the barber, Gongarello, prudently returned to his shop, saying, in a low voice, to such of his countrymen as interrogated him about the events.

"Whether the king or the people carry the day is all the same to us Moors: forcibly baptized as we have been, we shall gain nothing by the victory, and may, perhaps, have to pay all the expenses of the war—so, take my advice, be quiet, and don't interfere—"

And Aben Abou, called Gongarello, resumed his razor, and commenced shaving two customers, a Jew and a Christian, who had been waiting in his shop.

While these events were passing in the centre of the town, a poor boy, about ten or twelve years of age, was wandering through the street of Saint Pacomo, a little narrow winding alley. His pale and attenuated form bore traces of fever, and his ragged clothes announced his extreme misery. A kind and gentle expression pervaded his features, and a ray of intelligence occasionally shot from a dim, but jet black eye. He was walking or rather dragging himself along, faint from hunger. He had passed through two or three streets, which, to his great astonishment, he had found deserted, for the whole population, on the first intimation of the tumult in the marketplace, had betaken itself thither—some to share in the disturbance, others merely to look on.

The poor child saw a member of the Castilian council coming rapidly towards

him: he did not dare to solicit charity, but he held out his hand.

The counsellor looked not at him, and passed on.

A few minutes afterwards an hidalgo appeared, walking slowly, enveloped in his cloak. The poor child timidly took off his hat and saluted him; the hidalgo stopped, and returned his salute.

The poor beggar, incapable any longer of bearing up, fell against a door, and heard a woman's voice calling upon her child to come to its meal. "Pablo," said she "your soup awaits you." He knocked at the door, fancying for the moment that he had been invited, but his knock was useless, the mother was too much engaged with her own offspring to attend to him. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have no mother to call me to a repast." He rose and wandered on to the banks of the Arga, hoping nothing more from man, for his eyes were raised to heaven for relief. At that moment the sun, bursting from behind a cloud, cast its refulgence against a wall. The boy went to bask in the rays of the great luminary, and while his cold stiff limbs felt the influence of their genial warmth, an expression of melancholy joy escaped from his discoloured lips. He smiled to the sun—the only friend that had deigned to smile on him. Then, as his eyes withdrew from the glare which he began to feel insupportable, he cast them on the ground, and seeing near a *borne* several pieces of melon rind, he crawled towards them, grasped them with an avidity urged by intense hunger, and was about to eat, when he saw a boy about his own age, as ragged as himself, singing as he advanced.

"You are happy to be merry," said he. "Carrajo! I sing because I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

Immediately, without saying another word, and prompted by the generosity of his nature, he offered his new companion the slices of melon he had just picked up.

The gipsy looked at him with astonishment and gratitude.

"What," said he, "you have no other dinner than that?"

"No, happy enough to have found even so much. Share with me."

And the two friends began their frugal repast by the *borne*.

The dining hall was vast and spacious. It was a street, at that moment solitary; and unlike the other streets in Pampeluna, it was clean—thanks to a fountain, the waters of which flowed near them, and offered them a fresh and limpid drink. Thus they wanted for nothing. Opposite, was a splendid mansion, over the door of which were inscribed these words,—
"Truxillo, master-tailor." Their backs

rested against the walls of a splendid hotel, and that hotel was The Golden Sun.

At table an acquaintanceship is soon struck up, so the gipsy said at once to his amphytrion, "What's your name?"

"Piquillo," answered the boy, "so I was called by the monks where I was brought up. And you?"

"Pedralvi. Your parents?"

"I have none."

"Nor I. Did you know your father?"

"Never."

"Just my case. And your mother?"

"My mother," said Piquillo, endeavouring to recollect, "my mother must have been a great lady. Noblemen used to visit her, who wore rich doublets and feathers. She had a beautiful room covered with tapestry, and, I remember, there was a looking glass all gilded, with a drawer beneath it filled with sugar plums, with which I used to regale myself. That's all I can remember of the care and tenderness of my mother. And I awoke one morning at the door of a great building called a convent. They kept me there—I don't know how long—and then sent me away, saying, 'Seek your livelihood, you idle fellow.' I was hungry—I begged—and then I was taken ill and every body avoided me, I had a fever."

Pedralvi held out his hand to him, which Piquillo grasped gratefully.

"At last," continued he, "I am reduced to utter want; that is my history."

"As for me," said Pedralvi, "I remember my mother—I see her still, a tall strong woman, who bore me on her back. One day we were coming from Grenada, down a mountain called the Alpujarias; I do not know how it was, but some men in black suddenly seized on me, in spite of my mother's cries and mine. They threw cold water on my head, muttering some barbarous words which I didn't understand, my mother cried out 'He is not a christian, he never shall be one, nor will I; and she tried, by wiping my forehead, to efface what she regarded as a stain, a taint—and they killed her!'"

"Killed her?" cried Piquillo, frightened.

"Yes, and called her a heretic."

"Heretic?" repeated the child, "what is that?"

"I don't know; but her blood flowed—I saw it—she showed it to me, saying, 'Pedralvi, my son, remember.' Then she became very pale, her limbs stiffened, and she ceased to speak. What followed I cannot remember. I only know that I met some gipsies in a wood, who took me with them. One day they were attacked by more men in black, called algauzils. Each mother fled, bearing away her child. I, who had no mother, remained on the high road! From that time to this I have walk-

ed right before me, singing and begging. That's my history."

The two orphans—the two friends—renewed the mutual grasp, and the words, "My brother!" escaped their lips. And in truth there was, in their dark complexions, the cast of their features, and their black and expressive eyes, a family likeness, or strong evidence that they belonged to the same race, or tribe.

"And now," said Piquillo, looking at the last slice of melon rind; "our dinner is over."

"Over!" cried the gipsy, "and I am hungry."

"So am I!"

"More so than I was before," said Pedralvi, "and no hope of a second course."

"Perhaps," said a soft voice from above, and saying this, Juanita, a pretty Moorish servant girl, at the hotel, who had just opened the window over their heads, threw them down a large slice of bread, and the residue of the breakfast which two students from Saragossa, come on purpose to see the royal entry, had just finished.

Never did royal banquet, or ministerial dinner, witness guests more jolly, more delighted. Stimulated by the reinforcement of good things, their appetite, which had but slumbered, awoke young and splendid; all their misfortunes were forgotten, and neither of them would at this moment have changed places with the king of Spain. But the gratitude of the stomach did not exclude gratitude from the heart; and ever and anon, the lads stopped eating to look and express, by a smile, or a tender glance, their thanks towards the little servant, who was leaning out of the window enjoying her own good work, and their appetites. This pleasing picture, which Pantoja de la Cruz, the first painter to Philip III, would not have thought unworthy of his pencil, was suddenly disturbed by a cry from Juanita, which Piquillo echoed by a second, on finding himself violently pulled by the ear. It was Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, whom Juanita had first seen from her height, but not in time to warn the youthful epicures, whose attention was too much engrossed to attend to anything.

"Ah! ha! this is the way I'm robbed," cried mine host, in a terrible voice, casting towards Juanita a threatening look, the effect of which was entirely lost, for the girl had closed the window. The furious innkeeper, holding Piquillo's ear with one hand, tried with the other to pick up the remains of the feast; but the little gipsy, nimbler than he, scrambled for the remaining provisions, thrust them into a wallet which he carried slung to his back, and which was not usually so well filled—whis-

pering in the ear of his companion, "To night, behind the church of Saint Pacomo," and disappearing like lightning.

Piquillo would gladly have followed him, but one of his ears was a hostage in the hands of the *favouche* landlord; and besides, an instinctive sentiment of generosity and justice suggested that it would more become him to remain and defend his benefactress. "Beat me, if you like," said he, resolutely, to his adversary, for the meal had restored his energy and strength—"beat me if you like, but do not scold the girl."

"Juanita," cried the innkeeper, "is a little mischievous *friponne*, whom I shall send back to her uncle, Gongarello, the barber—I had agreed to take her for nothing, but I see that, even at that price, she will be dear! The whole of the Moorish race are not worth the rope we hang them with, or the wood we buy to burn them."

"Forgive her," rejoined the orphan, "and I will, in all things, obey and serve you—"

"Done," said the landlord, who had suddenly become possessed of an idea, so rare a thing with him, that it disposed him to clemency. "Done; I will forgive you and Juanita too, and will even give you a real."

"A real!" said Piquillo, astonished, and opening his eyes wide, "is it gold?"

"Very nearly; it is twenty *maravedis*." "Twenty *maravedis*!" Piquillo had never possessed such a sum.

"What must I do to earn it?"

"Walk up and down the streets of Pampluna until night, crying 'The Fueros for ever!'"

"Nothing else? Well, that's not difficult; and I shall have a real?"

"I will pay you here this evening."

"You swear it by Our Lady del Pilar?"

"I swear it," replied the hotel-keeper; opening his fingers, and letting go his captive.

Piquillo no sooner found his ears at liberty, than he ran into the streets merrily, and disappeared, crying, "Our Fueros for ever!"

(To be continued.)

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, said, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountain of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her

balmy moods. The first burst may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, ~~for~~ which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soil—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that our tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so very gentle in their nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but, in general, parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness: and appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears, of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good or kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself: to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our windows the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over-head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing

tenderness in the winds and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green fields: it gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying out her wishes, but realising her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts which cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood, if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain: for it endeavours, at all times to turn pain into pleasure; or at least set off the one with the other, or make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasure, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as

the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what makes us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing care and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and crea-

tiveness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

A TRILOGY OF SONNETS.

TO MISS VANDENHOFF.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Sunlight on the Waters," "Spartacus," and other Tragedies.)

ON HER PERSONATION OF "JULIET."

The Juliet Shakspeare drew was fair and young,
A vision of the southern, sun-glad clime;
A chaste emotion, exquisitely strung
To fondest trust and sympathies sublime.
As purely good, as exquisitely fair,
A vision and reality combin'd!
One glimpse, sweet maid, confirm'd thee, past compare,
Her of our dreams—the Juliet of the mind—
Artless as eager hope, which made her bless'd;
Anguish'd as sever'd love, which bade her die;
We saw thee move, caressing and caress'd;
And shar'd in tears thy sorrows' latest sigh;
And, now, we long the vision to renew,
Haunted by her we saw—by Juliet—and by you.

ON HER PERSONATION OF "JULIA."

(In Mr. Spicer's new play of Honesty.)

We knew thy presence, fair—thy acting, chaste,
Winsome, tear-mo'ving, dignified, at will;
Ne'er from our memories can be eras'd
The mystic woe which made our bosoms thrill
When lost "Antigone," the just, the good,
Rending our hearts, in thee before us stood.
Yet thy past proud career had ne'er reveal'd,—
Nor in The Penitent* her lord restor'd;—
Nor when spurn'd Desdemona to Heaven appeal'd;
Nor when poor Juliet rav'd on her ador'd;—
The terrible so terrible, the great,
In thee, so flashing up to the sublime,
As when, befrenzied for thy good name's fate,
Thy "Douglas Trafford, speak!" appall'd us with
his crime.

ON HER PERSONATION OF "ANTIGONE."

Honour to her who first, on British ground,
Pourtray'd the sorrows of the Theban Maid;
And, when the thoughtless on the Drama frown'd,
Its vital claims in magic re array'd;
Who, from the phantom'd past, illum'd a theme,
To rouse with passion's spells the public mind,
To bid the sacred fount of tears to stream—
To purify the ways of humankind.
Oh, could the Bard, two thousand years inurn'd,
Wake from his sleep to read thy meaning face;
How were the triumphs of his Athens spurn'd!—
Its male "Antigone's" devoid of grace,
Its masks, which, in the features and the eye,
Eclipse the soul, that power which thrones thy
fame so high.

Newton St. Cyres.—Sally Yates, who has been for the last half century letter-carrier for this quiet village, has asserted, that since the commencement of the Exeter and Crediton railway she is afraid to walk the roads, in consequence of the great number of alligators (navigators) there are about.

* "Mrs. Haller," in "The Stranger."

Reviews.

Velasco, or the Memoirs of a Page. By Cyrus Redding, 3 vols. [Newby, London.]

Mr. Redding is not an unknown writer; he has before appeared before the public in various ways, but not, that we are aware of, on any former occasion in the capacity of a three volume novelist. The work before us exhibits many attractive features, and offers earnest of success in the new path on which he has adventured. He displays much originality in the conception of character, and considerable shrewdness and a dash of keen satire in the development of the domestic life of Spain. We are presented with an outline of political events; and a vein of philosophy runs through the work. With caustic humour Mr. Redding initiates us into the system on which, not unfrequently, a Spanish grandee's establishment is conducted; from the magnificent splendour of his banquets to the niggardly economy of his kitchen. The intense anxiety of the poor nobleman, in all the consciousness of ancestral dignity for the maintenance of outward show, blunts in him even the consciousness of "poverty within," his solicitude to conceal from the world the worm-eaten state of his affairs, affecting him more strongly even than the gripings of starvation. To set against this unpleasant picture we are presented with glimpses of the gaieties of Madrid life, its agreeable follies and languishing enjoyments. The author appears intimately acquainted with the scenery of Spain, and appreciates, with all the fervour of a poetic imagination, its natural beauties. Hence sketches of landscape not laboured and spun out, but brief, glowing, and natural, abound in his pages; but though these may, to a certain extent, constitute a recommendation, they would not of themselves suffice to awaken the reader's interest in the fate and fortunes of Velasco, were they not strung together upon the thread of an exciting narrative. The general character of the story is lively and dashing, but is contrasted here and there by a tone of deep melancholy, our hero in the course of events being plunged into adventures of every description (resembling in their variety, those of the renowned Gil Blas), which in turn give their colour to the sentiment. Velasco is not of that unblemished character that belongs to the orthodox hero of romance. His failings are many, and not all of them of the most exalted kind, or of those that lean to virtue's side. Thus cupidity betrays him into some unworthy deeds, even rendering him ungrateful where his gratitude was

most due; although he has sufficient force of character to prevent its tinging all his actions: and vanity exerts an untoward influence upon him, runs him into many scrapes and makes him commit many follies, in the course of his metamorphosis from the ragged urchin to the holder of that station which he eventually fills. The interest of the story does not, however, centre wholly, in the hero. Donna Juanna, the heroine of the happiest period of the page's life, awakens a powerful sympathy, which even Donna Clara, with all her constancy, fails to efface. We cannot, however, go into a review of all the dramatic personæ, nor of the events of the novel, and must limit ourselves to extracting one affecting passage:—

"I passed for a moment from her chamber, and when I returned death had been there and gone away! I had never seen any one dead before, without violence. To me it was far more terrible for lack of visible cause. The pale marble image of humanity, calm without a trait of agony, but as if in sleep! Can it be death, I cried in my bitterness of soul. I exclaimed 'Juanna, Juanna!' but the lips moved not. I touched the lifeless body so coldly hard, and the chill made my whole frame shrink for a moment, the contact filling me with tremor. I could not believe that Juanna was really dead when I looked at the straight, stiffened clay, so moveless, sharp, and prostrate beneath the bed covering. And this, thought I, is death—mysterious death. Here is wrecked my little all of happiness—Juanna! Juanna! I burst into tears, which till now had not flowed. I became beside myself. My brief slumber, when exhausted nature closed my eyes, was visited by dreams of her whom I loved, at a distance from me. When I implored her to approach me and she almost came to my arms, she disappeared, and a strange figure or loathsome spectacle in her place terrified me into watchfulness.

* * * * *

One grave in the plain of Almanara contains the mother and child. Would it had contained me; so I thought at the time. How often has the same wish been repeated since—with equal sincerity; and had it been realised how far better for all the good I have wrought! My hearth was now desolate—my dining room companionless. I went into an ante-room at the end of the short passage from my home door. There was the matted floor, the sofa, the table, as before, in our pleasant sitting-room that looked out upon the sea, but all was painful silence—deeply agonising solitude—something was changed, yet both sea and land were as glorious as ever. Oh that sensation of change, of something ab-

sent—it kills the spirit. One dressing room too spoke with its silence, our own bed-room I could not enter; her dress, a part of herself, hung there. The only spare chamber we possessed was that which I had occupied; it was my adjourned residence, for there my mind was least reminded of Juanna. Several days passed away. I could not surmount the impression that it was cruel to abandon a spot where the spirit of my poor Juanna might still hover. I passed the entire day in walking through the rooms into the garden and orchard to look at the flowers and trees she had directed to be planted, and at the places where she preferred sitting and working, almost expecting to see her there again, and I saw her nowhere else. Within were flower stands she had worked, or covered stools—chairs she had selected, or some ornament that ever reminded me more forcibly of my loss, and lacerated my heart. The sight of her mantilla laid where she had herself placed it, when we last walked out together, overcame me, and I wept like a child. There was the mantilla as before unchanged, but where was its owner? Weeks elapsed before reason impressed on my mind how useless is human sorrow—how unavailing that grief for the dead of which they can know nothing—that tribute which nature pays to the image of departed affection so vainly. I determined to turn myself away from a spot endeared by many happy hours, that could only be to me in future a scene of melancholy regret. I sold my peaceful dwelling and its furniture as it stood. I visited the grave of Juanna, and shed over it tears of the warmest affection for her memory. I then took the road to Madrid, but turned back at every eminence that commanded a view of the vale of Almanara—the valley of delight once, but now of keen sorrow—the site of my humble roof and lately the dwelling of two hearts so united and happy. I even turned to catch a parting glance, when I was conscious the view was no longer to be obtained."

The Prime Minister, or, the Singular Fortunes of a Peasant and a Peer. By Heinrich Zschokke.

[Hayward and Adam.]

One of those exquisite tales which have made this German writer so unequivocally popular, and forming one of Clarke's Home Library. The names of the chapters themselves are tempting—*The Bakery—The Kneading Trough—The Leg of Mutton—The Combing Cloth, &c. &c.* We shall occasionally quote a chapter.

Irene, a Poem. By Alex. Comyn.

[J. Gilbert.]

The author of this graceful poem has within him the true elements of his art, and will succeed if he have patience and courage. The following is an extract:—

A STORM.

Dark, thick, and broad, terrific clouds arise,
Shreuding with sombre pall the gloomy skies,
Far from the deep horizon of the east,
They slowly move, majestically vast;
Like living mountains steep'd in blackest die,
Walking the surface of eternity.
With growing strength, the wind-storm sweeps
Around the highest peaks, and leaps
From rock to rock, with eddying haste;
Now whistling shrill, now gurgling past,
Then drives into some cavern's cell,
To revel there, till with a blast,
That shakes the mountain's base away,
It breaks o'er hill and valley, plain and dell,
Howling triumphant, with terrific sway.
Now on the troubled sea it lies,
And summons to its aid the deities
That ride upon the storm; the bark that late
Sail'd smiling onward in the gulf of fate,
Hangs o'er a dismal death; the fearful flash,
The rolling, booming air, the sudden dash,
That gulfs it in the deep; the easy leap,
Which heaves it o'er the waves, that, mountain
steep,
Blacken like night, reflected from its face,
Within each breast tumults of terror raise.

The Gatherer.

Madame Malibran.—Upon her was lavished the enthusiastic applause of the most correct taste, and of the deepest sensibility. Human triumph in all that is most exciting and delicious, never went beyond that which she experienced—or never but in the case of Taglioni. For what are the extorted adulations that fall to the lot of the conqueror?—what even are the extensive honours of the popular author—his far-reaching fame—his high influence—or the most devout public appreciation of his works—to that rapturous approbation of the personal woman—that spontaneous, instant, present, and palpable applause—those irrepressible acclamations—those eloquent sighs and tears which the idolised Malibran at once heard, and saw, and deeply felt that she deserved! Her brief career was one gorgeous dream—for even the many sad intervals of her grief were but dust in the balance of her glory. In this book ("Memoirs and Letters of Madame Malibran," by the Countess of Merlin,) I read much about the causes which curtailed her existence; and there seems to hang around them, as here given, an indistinctness which the fair memorialist tries in vain to illumine. She seems never to approach the full truth. She seems never to reflect that the speedy decease was but a condition of the rapturous life. No thinking person, hearing Malibran sing, could have doubted that

she would die in the spring of her days. She crowded ages into hours. She left the world at twenty-five, having existed her thousands of years.—*E. Poe.*

When some lovely girl, blooming with fresh youth and beauty, light joys swimming invisible around her head and angels garlanding her way, when this brightest of God's created things is handed over to the hated arms of wealthy age, to share the splendour of some golden idol, with one foot in the grave, what is it but traffic in flesh and blood; a dealing of mere marketing, where parents or friends sell the very life they gave—the price, a dowry, a settlement, a coronet.—*Trapper's Bride.*

The *Flotte* states that a French engineer, named Leonard, now in London, has taken out a patent for a simple means of diminishing the fuel necessary for producing steam. He introduces fish-oil into the boiler, with only a small portion of water. When the oil is at boiling heat, the water precipitates itself into the interior, and steam is generated as fast as is desired, without the oil being decomposed. The saving in fuel is said to be forty or fifty per cent.

The Norman Conquest.—It is a popular error, as all inquirers know, to characterise the Norman conquest as a French conquest. The Normans were not French, but a colony settled in that part of France which, as the colonists were North people, originating in Scandinavia, was called by them Normandy, having previously been designated Neustria. In fact, the Normans were cognate in their derivation to the Anglo-Saxons, and, under Rollo, a piratical Dane, overran a portion of France, and forced the French monarch, Charles III, to cede Neustria to them. This took place only one hundred and fifty years previous to the invasion of England by William, so that when the Normans came here they were not without some affinity to the Saxons whom they attacked.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Her Majesty's Visit to Paris.—Orders have been given that the Gallery of Fêtes in the Hotel de Ville shall be finished by July, about which time queen Victoria will pay her first visit to that city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Red Hand" and "Aphalo" are unavoidably put on one side this week. X. L. C. (Nottingham) too long for us; send a shorter piece. "Trent" is promising. D. is thanked. His suggestions are excellent, as also the poem, which is in type. If names and addresses are given in confidence, replies will be made by post, and MSS. returned.

"The Red Hand" will in future be continued without interruption.

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